

LUTON PARISH CHURCH

Wednesday, March 22nd

at 7.30 p.m.

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Music of
The Passion

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THE CHOIR OF THE PARISH CHURCH

THE PHILODORIAN ORCHESTRA

Leader :

DAVID RICHARDSON

Conductor :

DAVID BAKEMAN

PRICE ONE SHILLING

MOTET

(To be sung from the Wenlock Chapel)

*The Congregation will stand during the procession of the Choir
to the Chancel*

HYMN When I survey the wondrous Cross
(S.P. 133)

PRAYERS - COLLECTS - LORD'S PRAYER

CONCERTO IN B MAJOR FOR ORGAN & ORCHESTRA

Solo Organ: KENNETH J. D. ABBOTT

Conductor: DONALD I. BURROWS

HYMN We sing the praise of Him Who died
(S.P. 132)

*During the singing of this Hymn a
Silver Collection will be taken*

THE PASSION ACCORDING TO ST. LUKE

Attributed to J. S. Bach

Solo Sopranos . MASTERS TREVOR ALLEN, GRAHAME PRICE
Evangelist (*Tenor*) E. DALTON
Jesus (*Bass*) BERNARD BROWNE
Pilate (*Bass*) } . . . CHARLES WISE
Penitent Malefactor }
Impenitent Malefactor (*Bass*) . . . GORDON HENDEN
Continuo HENRY ELLCOCK
Organ DONALD BURROWS
Conductor KENNETH J. D. ABBOTT

THE BLESSING

ORGAN VOLUNTARY

The Congregation will stand while the Choir leaves the Chancel

KENNETH J. D. ABBOTT, MUS.B. F.R.C.O., A.R.C.M.
Organist and Master of the Music
WM. DAVISON, Vicar of Luton

Bach's "Passion" (St. Luke)

CHORALES FOR CONGREGATION.

I

To save our souls from bitter shame and mourning,
Thou bearest, Lord, base treachery and scorning,
From lure of gain or gold save us, we pray Thee,
Lest we betray Thee.

II

Jesus, who for our salvation,
Bearest hate and mockery,
By Thine unjust condemnation,
From dread judgment set us free:
By Thine agony and wee
Teach us Thy great love to know,
By Thy bitter cross and passion
Lead us to Thy full salvation.

III

Foul wrong, by hate engendered!
The Lamb is now surrendered
And to the slaughter led,
Yet this unjust oblation
Procures the world's salvation;
For man the Paschal Blood is shed.

IV

O Sacred Head, sore wounded,
Defiled and put to scorn;
O Kingly Head, surrounded
With mocking crown of thorn;
What sorrow mars Thy grandeur;
Can death Thy bloom deflower?
O Countenance whose splendour
The hosts of Heaven adore.

V

It is finished, Lord of Mercy:
Thou hast suffered, Thou hast died,
To the cross Thy love hath brought Thee
For Thy people crucified.
Thou dost for our sins atone,
Trust we in Thy cross alone,
Strive we never more to grieve Thee,
In our hearts we now receive Thee.

It is finished, Lord of Spirits,
Death must now yield up his prize:
Thou hast conquered, nought can hold Thee
From the grave in triumph rise;
To Thy Father's Throne ascend
There Thy loved ones to befriend;
Here with food eternal feed us,
To the Heavenly pastures lead us.

It is finished, Lord of Glory,
Joy doth fill our hearts again,
For blest Saviour, Thou dost call us
Up to Heaven with Thee to reign.
Leaving things of earth and time
Seek we heavenly joys sublime,
Joys, all human thought transcending,
Joys supernal and unending. Amen